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The First Mage



magic

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Chapter 1 by Brock Thompson

Alexander Glass walked through the streets of his small village in utter shock. Neighbors stared at his tattered, burned clothes. Everybody made way for him.

Nobody talked. They knew what had happened.

Alexander's parents had been burned alive for being witches.

Everybody pitied the poor boy, and yet no one said a thing. No one made a move. No one tried to stop him when he tore the charred bodies of his family off the posts that they had been tied to. Nobody looked away as Alexander Glass laid his parents' burnt remains on the ground next to the cemetery, just outside the wooden barrier.

One man. One man handed Alexander Glass a shovel. It was a gift, as if to try to make up for Alexander's loss. It couldn't. Everybody knew it.

No one stayed to watch as Alexander Glass laid his parents to rest in the earth.

Chapter 2 by Emily

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A wrong. He could only describe himself as such.

As the sun rose on the fourth day, he finally allowed himself a deep breath, and shakily stood, and turned his back on the victims of his mistake. He closed the gate of the cemetery behind him, listened to the metallic clank of the latch. Alexander knew he may never hear that sound again. Nor did he wish to.

The morning fog cast an eerie blanket over the village, only broken occasionally by a weak shaft of sunlight. It was still for daybreak; the townsfolk should have been awake by now, hurrying about, setting up market, leaving for the fields. But there was none of that.

Because Alexander Glass was still here

As he walked mindlessly down the cobblestone path, he barely registered the closing of window shutters as he passed, the whispers passed under the breaths of two grandmothers resting on their porch, their daily gossip interrupted by his presence. Only the village animals continued their primitive conversation. They did not judge the boy. They did not need to acknowledge his existence, for they did not care.

He found himself standing at the foot of the short hill, on top of which sat his home, at least, what was left of it. A wave of guilt washed over him, but he willed his feet to carry him to the door, forced his hand to push it open, tore his eyes from the burnt planks and to the scene before him.

He squeezed his eyes shut, and for the first time since his parents' death felt true remorse, and horror as the infinite weight of his choice - and his arrogance - came crashing down upon him all at once.

Chapter 3 by Mark Boyd



It hit him almost physically. Mind crushing anguish that seemed to wrap itself around his entire being and yet, inside of that unbearable anguish, there was anger.

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hoped they would become more accepting as time had passed, that he would eventually be able to make friends..., but he never had the chance. Their fear and suspicion was greater than even his parents had imagined. He had awoken to the smell of smoke, stumbling out of bed, barely making it out of their cottage before it collapsed. His parents were not in the cottage with him for they were with the very angered mob preparing for the fiery licks of flame.

As he stood, his eyes flashed in anger. though there was no one now there to see. Mentally shoving aside his anguish, he turned toward the village.

Striding purposely toward the village, he began muttering, ancient words, known only to his kind, allowing him to manipulate the energy flowing through his veins. Light appeared in his palms. In the village, a woman on her way back from the well, turned and saw him. Mouth agape, she screamed.

Chapter 4 by Michael



Everyone was in shock of the loud scream. All looking to see what the woman was screaming about, to their surprise, there was nothing but a sad boy. "The witches!" the woman screamed. "The witches are back to curse us all!" Nobody believed her because she had been known to tell tales of dragons and fairies. Alexander stood shocked and slightly embarrassed. "There's a mistake..." He pointed out. "The only mistake is not burning you along with your parents!" shouted the woman.

Alexander was crushed. He turned around and began the walk back to his home in shame. "Wait" a young boy, around the age of 5 said.

"No go." "Silence aryon!" scolded the same woman who acused Alexander of being a witch. "Pero la madre, ¿cómo se sabe a ciencia cierta que es una bruja?" Asked the young boy, who was speaking spanish. "Ir por dentro, esto no es un buen momento para estar jugando juegos." Scolded the angry woman. Aryan walked inside filled with shame. "I say we burn-" The woman's sentence was cut off by a loud explosion coming from the same house aryon had entered.

Chapter 5 by Jaydrian



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Inside, everything was strangely muffled. The black fire was everywhere, yet nothing was getting damaged. The boy, Aryon, lay unconscious in the middle of it all; a hooded man stood over him. Alexander Glass tried to speak to the boy, to reach him, but before he could do anything they disappeared with a small, blinding flash of light. Unable to comprehend everything that was happening Alexander stumbled back outside; greeted by three guards with raised pikes. "Take him!" One of them yelled. "Take the witch's creten. Take him back to hell where he belongs!"

Chapter 6 by mykal



The three Gargantua guards handled the boy like a pig to a slaughter, one on his left, the other to his right, and the other following close behind. They raised him by his frail arms far into the air with a grip similar to Hercules. Alexander screamed and shouted, proclaiming that he didn't do any witchery, but the silent guards did not listen. They took him to the stake, where the towns people burned his parents. When Alexander saw this his eyes began to swell, and he let out an other worldly cry, incomprehensible to the human ear. Everyone within the surrounding area immediately fell to the floor in unison, crimson ooze flowing from their ears.

Alexander got on all fours from the ground, and looked up with swelled eyes to see the hooded man. The figure touched his head and Alexander fell into a deep slumber.

Cold.

Alex woke to the chill of death, with Aryon at his side, sound asleep and shivering although having a wool blanket covering him. Alexander proceeded to push the blanket covering him off and walk outside the dark room. He followed the bright light and windy chill.

Then all the lamps inside the room lit.

His eyes adjusted to the brightness and saw the impossible. The place seemed to be a church of huge proportions, with staircases moving and shifting in all directions defying physics, artifacts in glass cases, and countless doors.

The hooded man was at the door frame leading to the outside and shut it. He walked towards the two boys. Aryon awoke. The hooded man smiled at them with a relatively friendly face.

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"My name is Zedargo, Welcome to my sanctum"

Chapter 7 by Jaydrian



Alexander stood in awe as Zedargo raised his arms, representing the magnificent room behind him. Maybe it was from the shock but all Alexander could think was how inconvenient those moving staircases would be to walk on.

"Do you understand why you are here?" Alexander Glass tore his gaze away from the commotion around him and fixed it upon Zedargo, and was rather alarmed by the result. It was quite impossible to look directly at the mysterious figure without him disappearing in and out of some transparent loop, yet was solid and visible with indirect eye contact. "You are here because of who you are, and who your parents or grandparents may have been. You both have the blood of witches and wizards running through your veins, as one of you has found out through...unconventional methods." His head seemed to cock towards Alexander a bit. "You are here, because as untrained as you are we are the only wizards left in this world. You are here, because everything we know will be stolen from us."

Chapter 8 by damien devoured



3 days later, Zedargo disappeared. All he left behind was blood. And a note. "Dear Alexander, I have passed away. This note was my only way into the world. It got ripped. I was your father the great sorcerer, Maddix. Your mother, Circe, was an evil beauty. When you were born, people came and blessed you. Than as children do, you went to the oracle of delphi, to find your prophecy. It wasn't normal. It said: live or die, perish or preserve, this boy is not mortal, he is the end of the world. Since then, people stayed away from us. From you. Only one person cared. Artemis. She was kind to you, and anyone who planned to kill you, would get killed. You my son, are the child of Circe. You had all god's blessing. You were the most powerful. And you still are." From your dad,
Zedargo

the end

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